



Bones

Bones - journal for contemporary haiku
no. 17
July 15th 2019

haiku: p. 3 - 96
sequences: p. 99 - 103

small room -
I move the armchair to
another corner

Abraham Ben-Arroyo

cat's slow blink end of day bra off

Agnes Eva Savich

lotus into pond into lotus

Agnes Eva Savich

not proficient
with birdsong
a plane arriving

Alegria Imperial

the song I used to hear
swish-swash
of a bamboo broom

the train creeps away
the hours emptying
the houses

Alegria Imperial

dead eye flooding the overhang with pike water

the code that makes a sparrow miniature screwdriver

speaking hillside cut on cut the flint margin

expanding the possible elephant hawk-moth

Andy McLellan



diminishing echo between bombs

Aparna Pathak

from being a seed to being a seed

because no name is still a name when said out loud


```
//if/either/nor/{pink morn':  
    "i silence :: you bird"  
//end of message
```

soap bubbles
floating
a lost dream
in
the peacock's

– **EY**E –

Beate Conrad

not quite a bottle opener drought cloud

Bill Cooper

Baltic love
i measure it
in millimetres

Brendan Slater

the pink gone from a forwarding address

daylight
claws for when
we need them

Cherie Hunter Day

shaggy mane mushrooms become your trigger

on its way to darkness sluicing of the aquarium

Chris Dominiczak

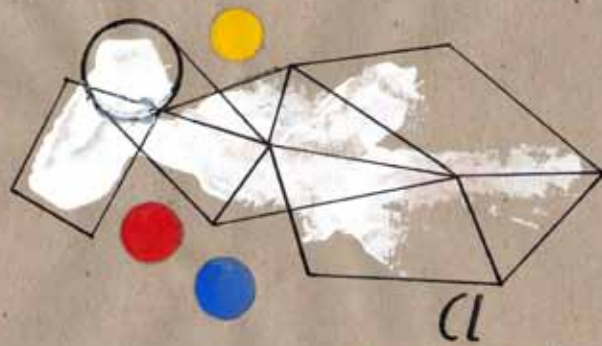
turning a trick
crab) with out (shell

the rivers murdering too

Chris Dominiczak

clear sky on the telescope her face a year on

Chris Dominiczak



cl

becomes dormant in the nerve

each ridge of trees
fainter in the alpine mist
a lament for Pagliacci

Clayton Beach

redemption value—
a ragtag Jesus shoulders
his bag of cans

Clayton Beach

rhinestone cowboy—
Orion recumbent against
the city skyline

Clayton Beach

grasses by the bike path grown deaf to cars

Craig Kittner

winter is longer the fewer mitigating geese

Nicodemously
her false spring
for shelter

Dan Schwerin

each one
wheat in the wind
of the other

Danny Blackwell

to make a nest in your outstretched hand, still the rain

David Boyer

builder of ziggurats. Historically, the answer is silence.

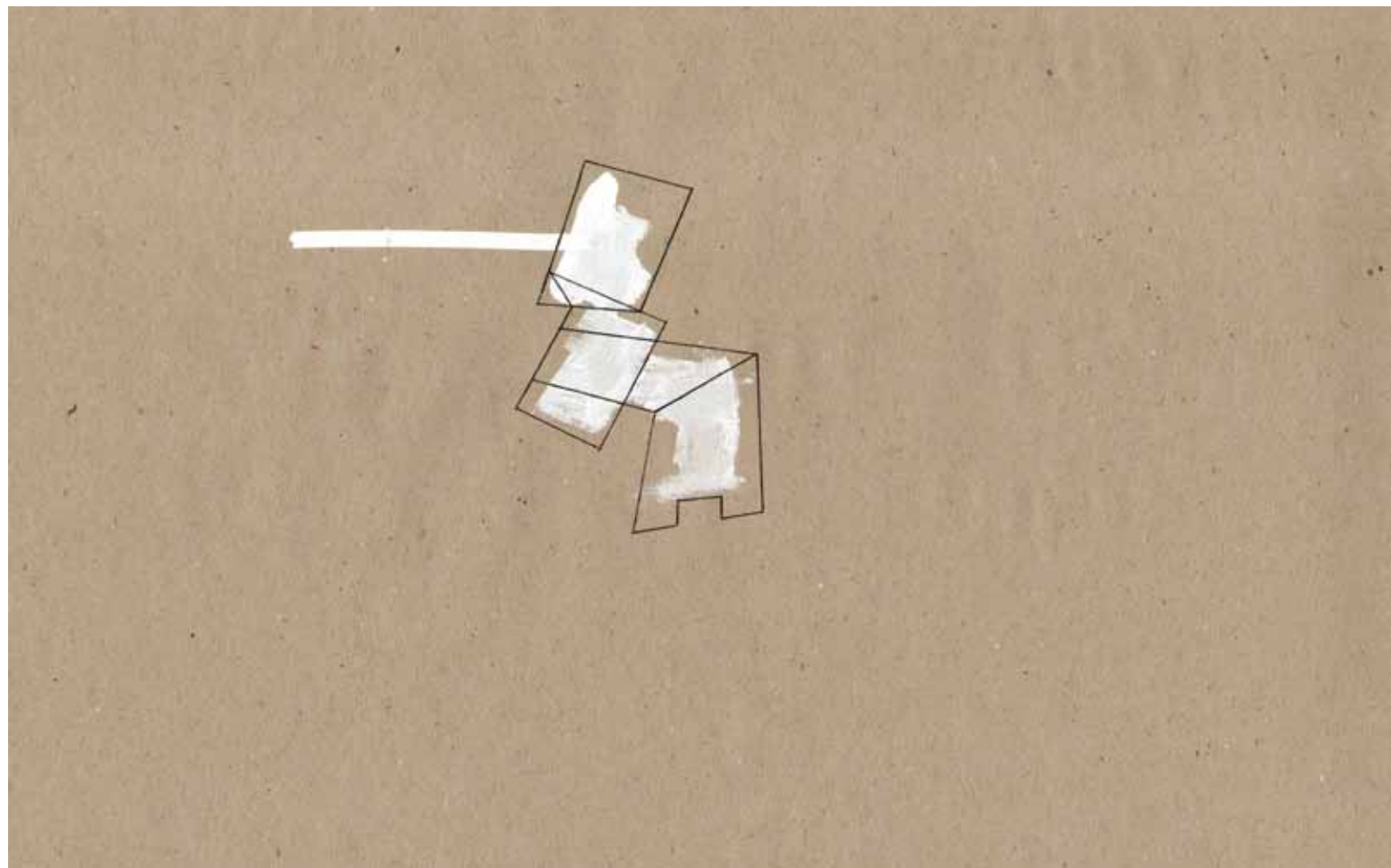
after the bailout and retrained smile she slips it in his coffee

like Uber for your grave on the moon

David Boyer

grammar no has
unlearnéd poet boy
tapping on glass

Delilah Friedler



having faith a key entering a wave

Elmedin Kadric

another make-
believe friend
a tree stump

Elmedin Kadric

nature killing
humans an in-
depth analysis

Elmedin Kadric

where angels are less snow

Elmedin Kadric

answers out of the question

golden fields
the echoes of Spring
in this silence

*a long night
filling my thoughts
of moon song*

all alone
with such clarity
dawn breaks

*among shadows
and the haze
more illusions*

Summer begins
more weeds to pluck
from my mind

*by noon
a light scatters
the intensity*

a stalemate
that floods
of nothingness

*between us
the shame I feel
blossoms*

half the large chamber nuclear

crossing out the past murky ecosystems

Gary Hittmeyer

gathering moss to soften our descent

Helen Buckingham

ghost moon ferryman knowing we'll pay

Helen Buckingham

grateful for my doctor's serious lack of perfume

Helen Buckingham

a froth of clouds behind the winery drinking it all in

Jo Balistreri

owl call falling back into darkness

John Hawkhead

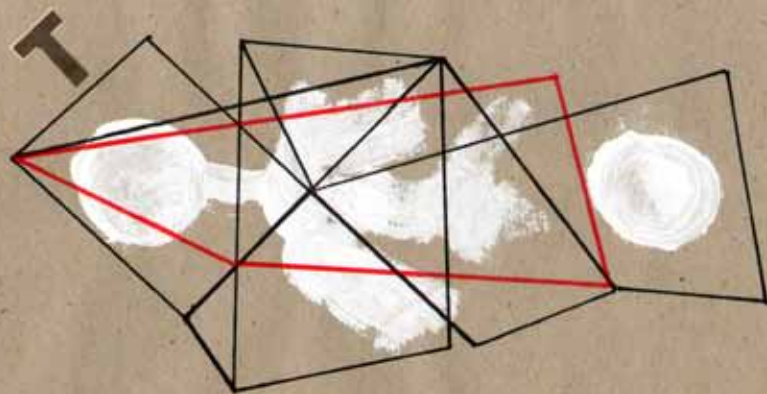
oars or

our hours

John McManus

telling it like it is swallows

John McManus



ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

after the light too at bay

Julie Warther

all things being equal vulture

Laurence Stacey

empty nest
lifting a cricket
to her lips

Lee Gurga

driving the vehicle of perception panhandler's phantom limb

Lee Gurga

a bouquet of blue thistles from his mouth thin rain

Lucy Whitehead

deadlifting another record-breaking snowfall

Matthew Moffett

warm day

hanging my body

someone says:

out to dry

it's a warm day

for the death squad

Michael O'Brien

watching birds the smell of my skin

Michael O'Brien

my collected works
covered in marmalade
a dead dog

Michael O'Brien

each new normal the end of normal the new normal

Mike Gallagher

housewarming
i let the waves
enter first

Neha R. Krishna

charismatic mega-fauna
not one word for
elephants

Peter Newton

off
on
another
quest
ion
ing

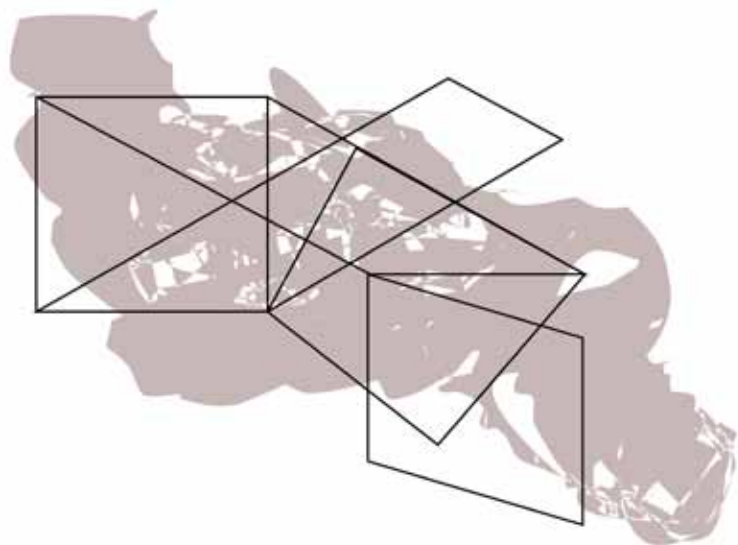
Peter Newton

the normal sea
my same self
I return to

Peter Newton

opus 43
variation 18
my private island

Peter Newton



fluent in egg-laying my ex-lover a butterfly

the dark in the hole could be dead bees

Rich Schilling

kids
not sharing
the same darkness

Rich Schilling

there was nothing I could do
about it personally --
morning broke by a crow

Richard Gilbert

mythical invention
as gods
as promised

Richard Gilbert

and in they stepped
new in life
to come like that

Richard Gilbert

earth first
the fist raised to

undo

Richard Gilbert

girlie bar
the broken plumbing
in a pigeon's love song

Robert Witmer

her nimble fingers
could crochet
a jail for us all

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Columbine (the flower)

Roland Packer

\$18k sexbots exposé my fetish to cook with one

Samar Ghose

playing Florence to titanium knees

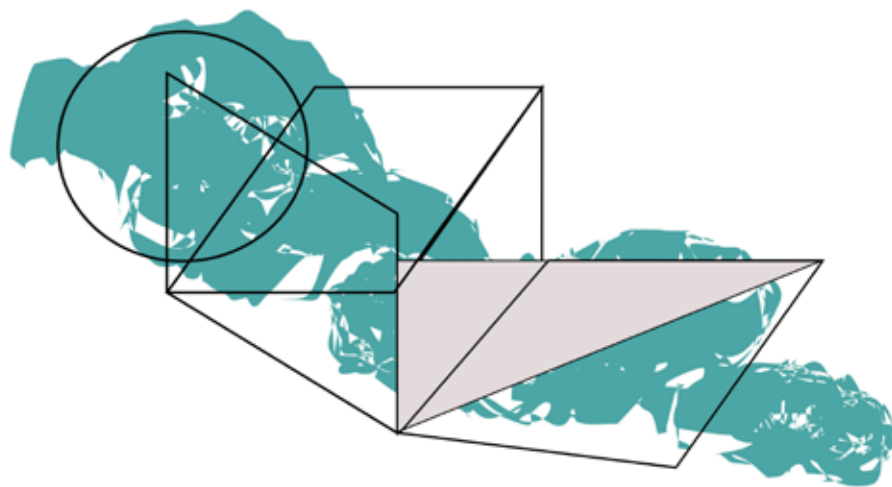
Samar Ghose

night rain
you felt it
change
clothes

always shape the ear pilot whale

float
the meta

Samar Ghose



forsythia for all

Sondra J. Byrnes

deep within
the prostitute
a winter star

Stephen Toft

the dog curls up
and remains
a dog

Steve Brittain

head smashed arguing orange until green

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

alien probe
not bad
for a Monday

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

old wound writing through something automatically alive

Tim Murphy

sleeping sickness the big bang theory theorizes itself

in my lap the shattered sky I penned

Veronika Zora Novak





sequences

inside out

muffled wildness a winnowing sky

coughing out the sphere rogue wind

ashen dust between fingers palm ribs

outlines against the rain bones inside out

eggshell stillness un-swept sun-shreds

conical jaws vs marbles in a skull graveyard issues

empty eyes glued to a rootless 'O'

dangling words noone follows swollen whiteness

Upshot

long bone marrow an expletive deleted

hush about anvils in the blood

weather steals your breath

midnight take nothing by mouth

virosphere the fallout we lie down with

bedside the best-if-used-by date blurred

IDENTITY DOCUMENTS

an islet shadow of a cloud

where we were only mariposas

mountain more there

before christ my inner anemone bilocating
even the kids bearing arms of blossom rain
a lone vulture into the bluest of blues I scar
as if it matters each day's dawn
the ink of old moss etched inside me

the Joaquin and Jill debate

free flowing masterclass of chi bangers: : it isn't going to happy the tail fin tarragon sauce trilogy

a Steptoe and Son dig, as dress rehearsals go: :the rest of the archives of von Däniken's chariot

trending on deep sea repertoires, a lie down in a Greek sarcophagus: :the deal or no-deal lingua franca of sea slugs

a state sown dicta prophylactic: :the charm offensive of slicked back hair Boutros Boutros

pouring out from your side of the turnstile: :wait, what? can't they just do the dishes?!

ah but it did console and modestly enchant: :a thousand paper cranes

the DJ doffs his beedi: :the departing rear end of the first single off Love for Sale

Editors:

Johannes S. H. Bjerg (who did the gfx too)

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